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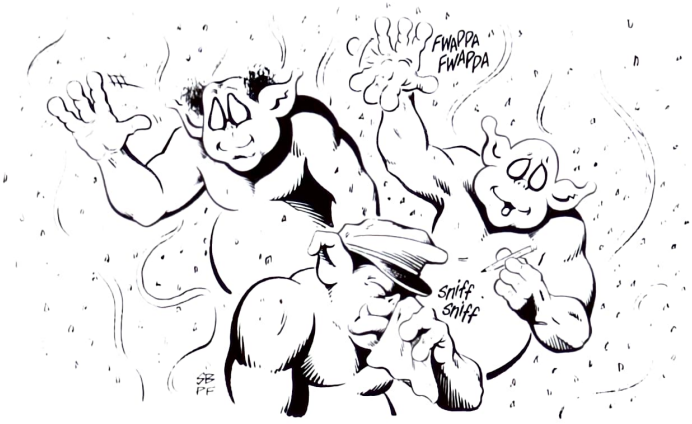
TROLLORDS™

LESSONS: 1

TRUCONFESSIONS



We're gonna miss the big guy.

Though Brian has "moved on," as they say, his presence will always be felt in the pages of **Trollords**. Two and a half years ago, he joined Scott and I to restructure the **Trollords** concept to make it feasible for an ongoing series. He was an integral contributor as the series progressed and played an active part in the scripting of the book. Though he is no longer "Editor", he has already had considerable input in this issue and many to follow.

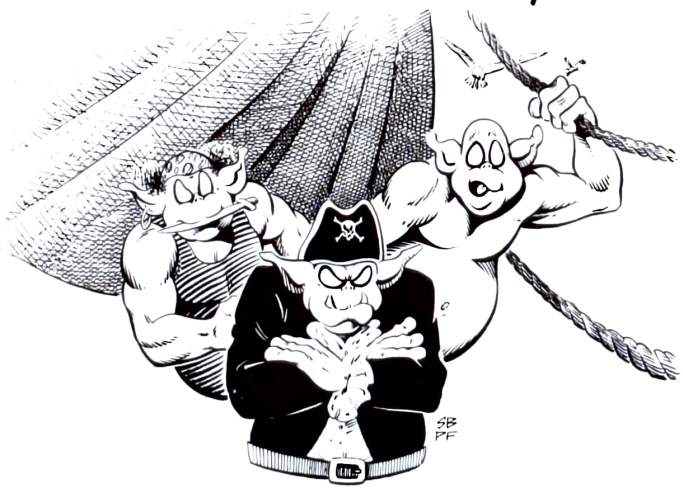
For these reasons and more, we are bestowing upon him the affectionate title of **Editor Emeritus**.

Thanks, Brian ... you... you've earned it.

Filling Brian's big Hawaiian shoes is **Len Strazewski.** Len has been with us from the outset, and even had a significant role in setting up the Trolls' continuing adventures. You may remember his insightful article in our very first issue. Even then, he knew what made the Trollords tick. After working with Len only a short time, Scott and I are confident we couldn't have made a better choice. Welcome aboard, Len!

Looking forward to the future, and whatever changes it may bring....

PAUL



tru studios
TROLLORDS

no. 13 Dec., 1987

Written and illustrated by

Scott Beaderstadt

and

Paul Fricke

Edited by

Len Strazewski

Editor Emeritus

Brian Augustyn

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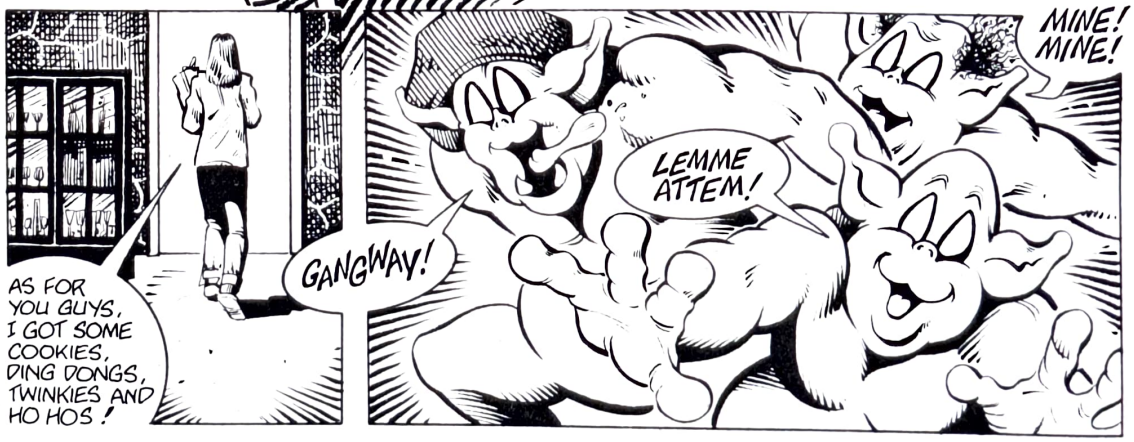
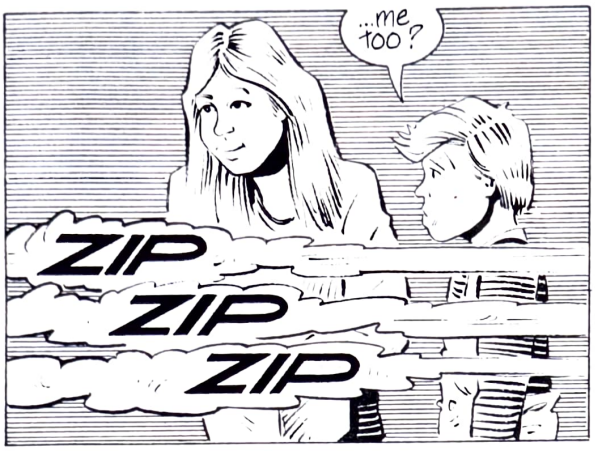
Printed in Dixon, IL by Sleepeck/Dixon Printing. Color separations by Stats-It, Chicago, IL

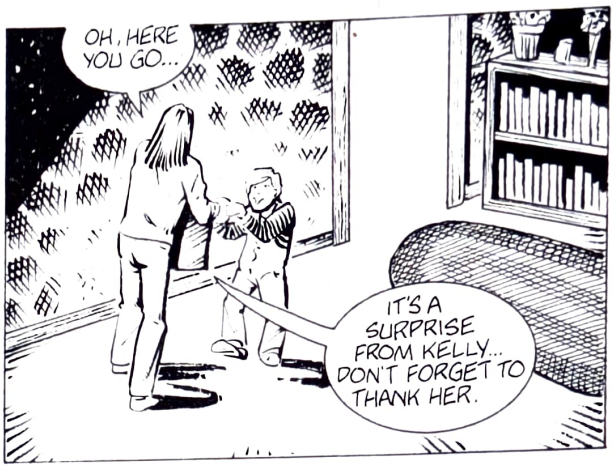
LESSONS : 1
WHERE DO THE CHILDREN PLAY ?
'BOUT TIME YA' GOT BACK !
GEE, THANKS FOR THE HELP, BOYS !

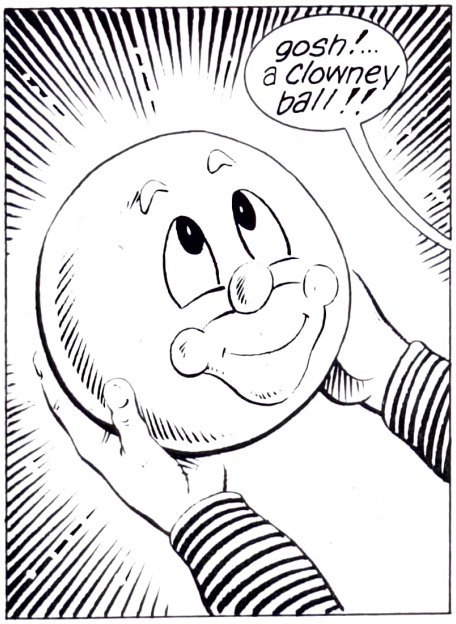
WHUDJA BUY? WHUDJA BUY?
D'JA BRING ME ANYTHING?
WHAT YA' GOT?
GIMME SOME!
SMELLS GOOOOD!

me too! me too!
OH DAVEY, I DIDN'T FORGET YOU...
THERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL IN KAREN'S BAG JUST FOR YOU!
yay!


AS FOR YOU GUYS, I GOT SOME COOKIES, DING DONGS, TWINKIES AND HO HOS!
GANGWAY!
LEMME ATTEM!
MINE! MINE!


...me too?
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP

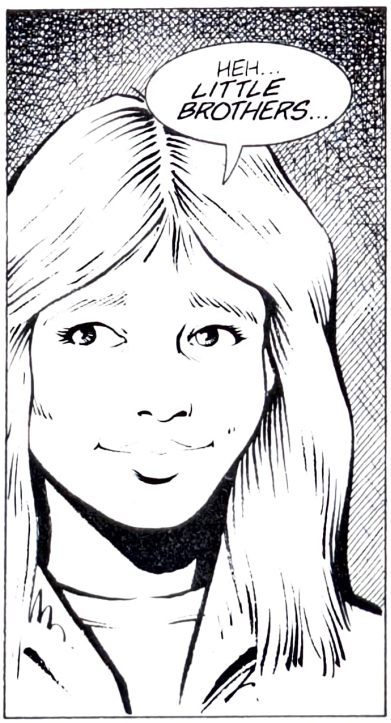

OH, HERE YOU GO...
IT'S A SURPRISE FROM KELLY... DON'T FORGET TO THANK HER.

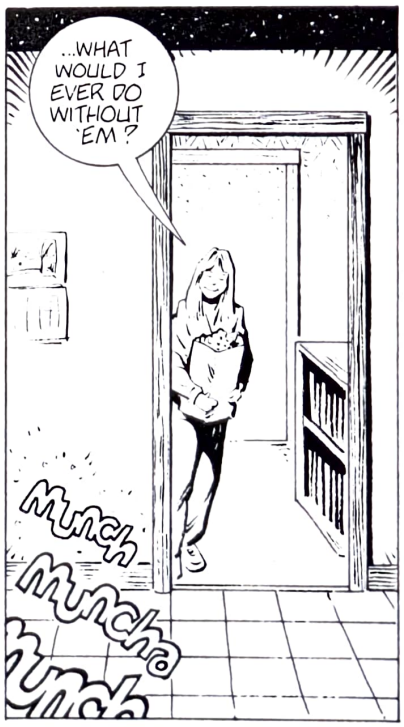

gosh!... a clowney ball!!!

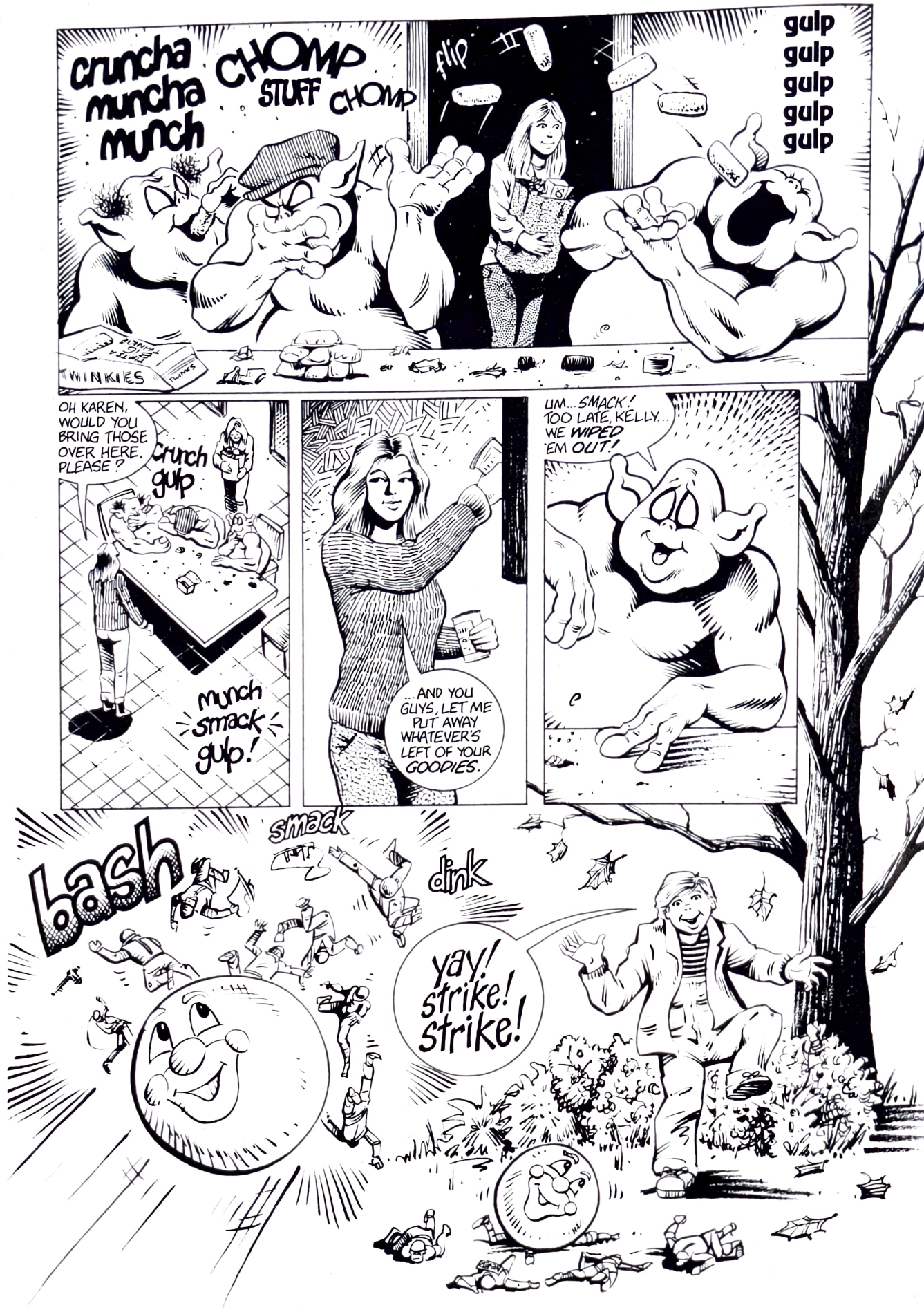
NOW, YOU BUNDLE UP AND GO PLAY OUTSIDE WITH YOUR TOYS.
I'LL BE RIGHT OUT AFTER I HELP KELLY.

'kay!

...AND STAY IN THE FRONT YARD!
'kay!

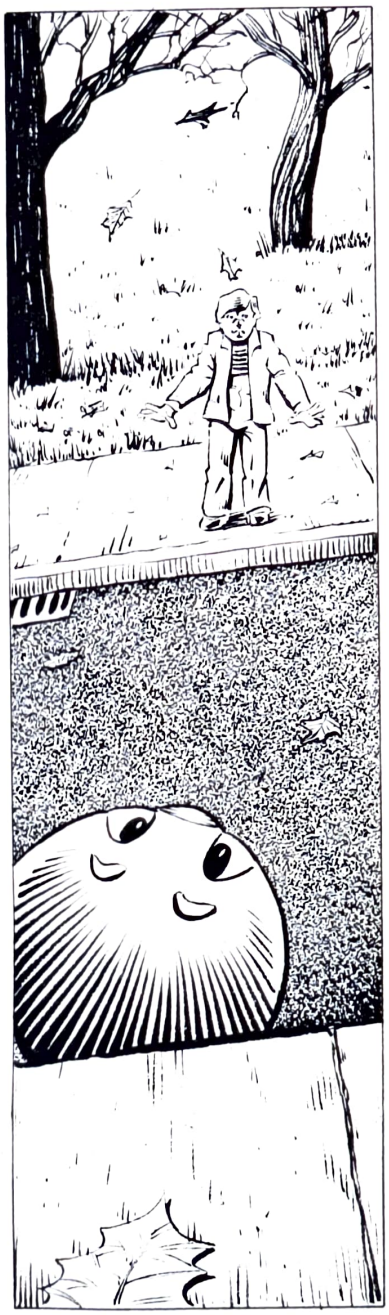

HEH... LITTLE BROTHERS...

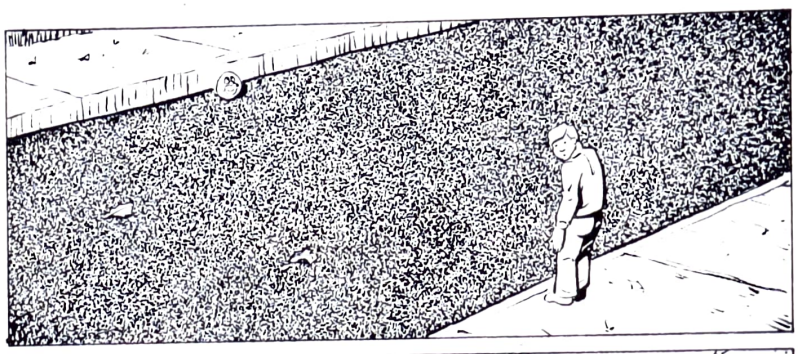

...WHAT WOULD I EVER DO WITHOUT 'EM?
Munch
Munch

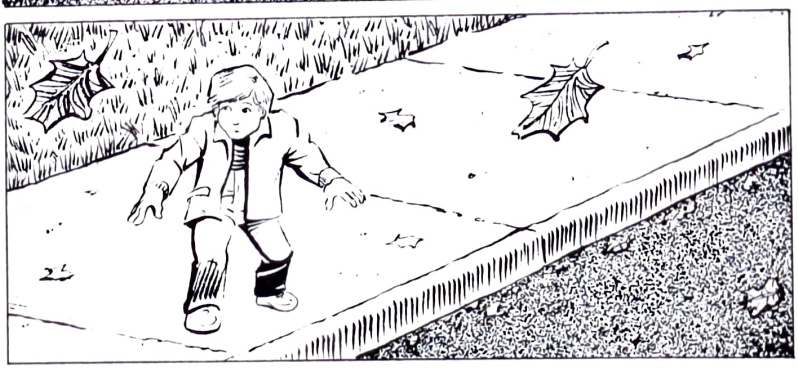

crunchа muncha munch
CHOMP STUFF CHOMP
flip
gulp gulp gulp gulp gulp
TWINKIES
OH KAREN, WOULD YOU BRING THOSE OVER HERE, PLEASE?
crunch gulp
munch smack gulp!
...AND YOU GUYS, LET ME PUT AWAY WHATEVER'S LEFT OF YOUR GOODIES.
UM... SMACK! TOO LATE, KELLY... WE WIPED 'EM OUT!
bash
smack
dink
yay! strike! strike!

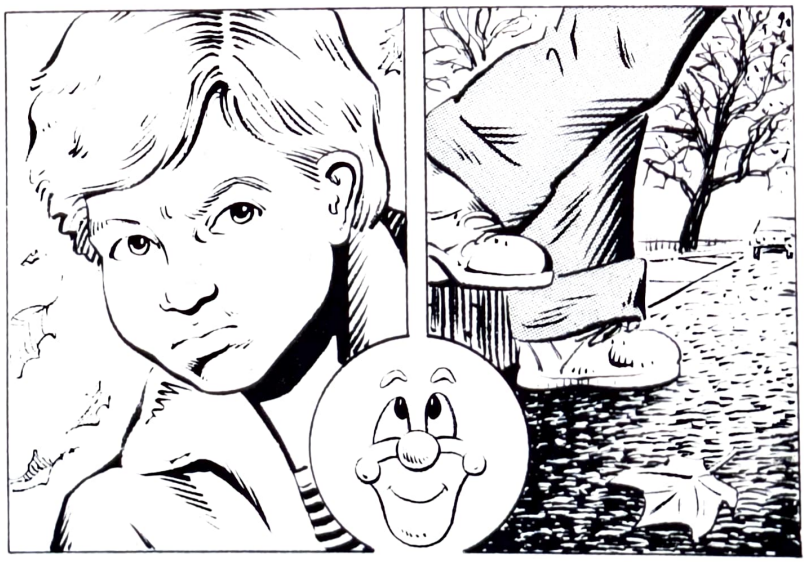
who ya' gonna call?!
hey!

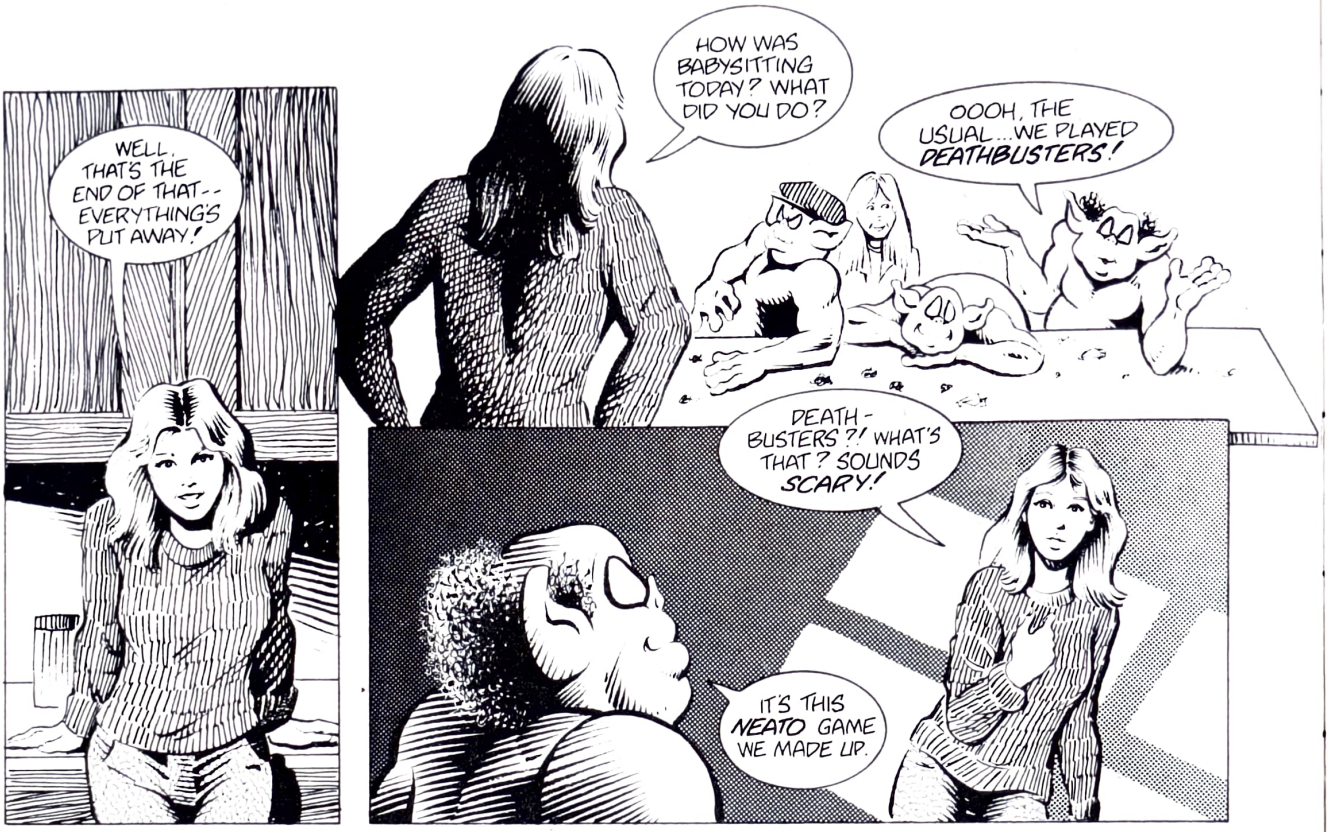
come back! come back!!







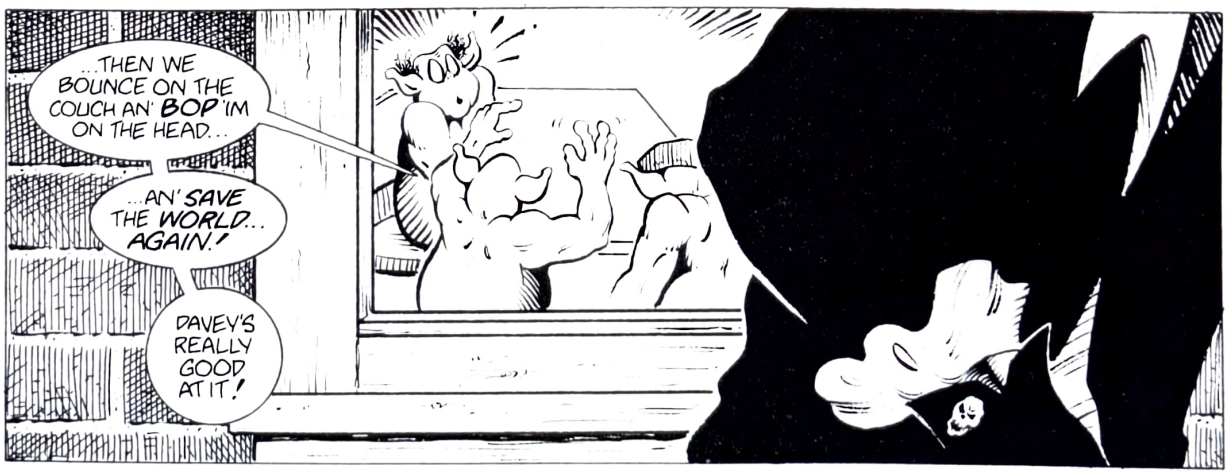



WELL, THAT'S THE END OF THAT-- EVERYTHING'S PUT AWAY!
HOW WAS BABYSITTING TODAY? WHAT DID YOU DO?
OOOH, THE USUAL...WE PLAYED DEATHBUSTERS!
DEATH-BUSTERS?! WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS SCARY!
IT'S THIS NEATO GAME WE MADE UP.

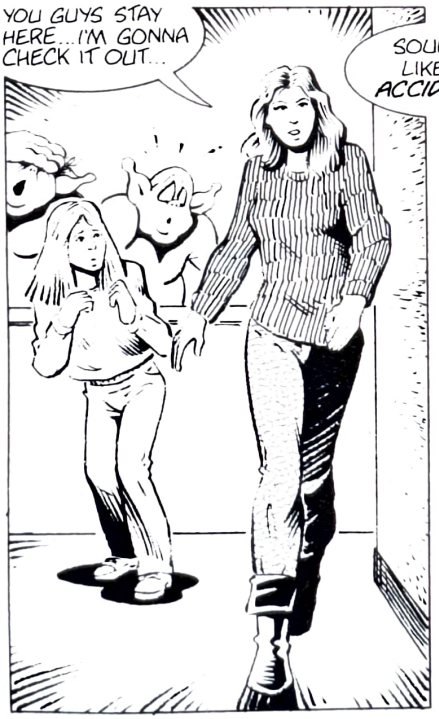
YEAH, WE'RE ALL DEATHBUSTERS, SEE...

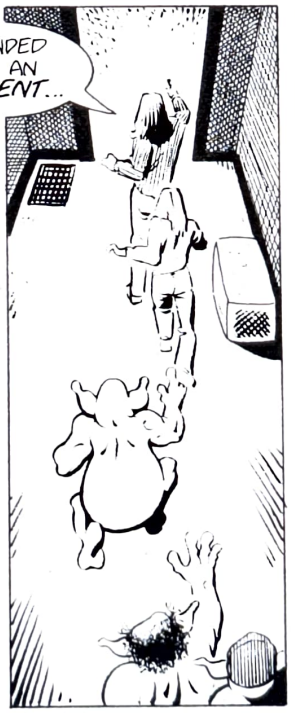
...AN WE BEAT UP ON THIS GOONY-LOOKIN' SCARY GUY!

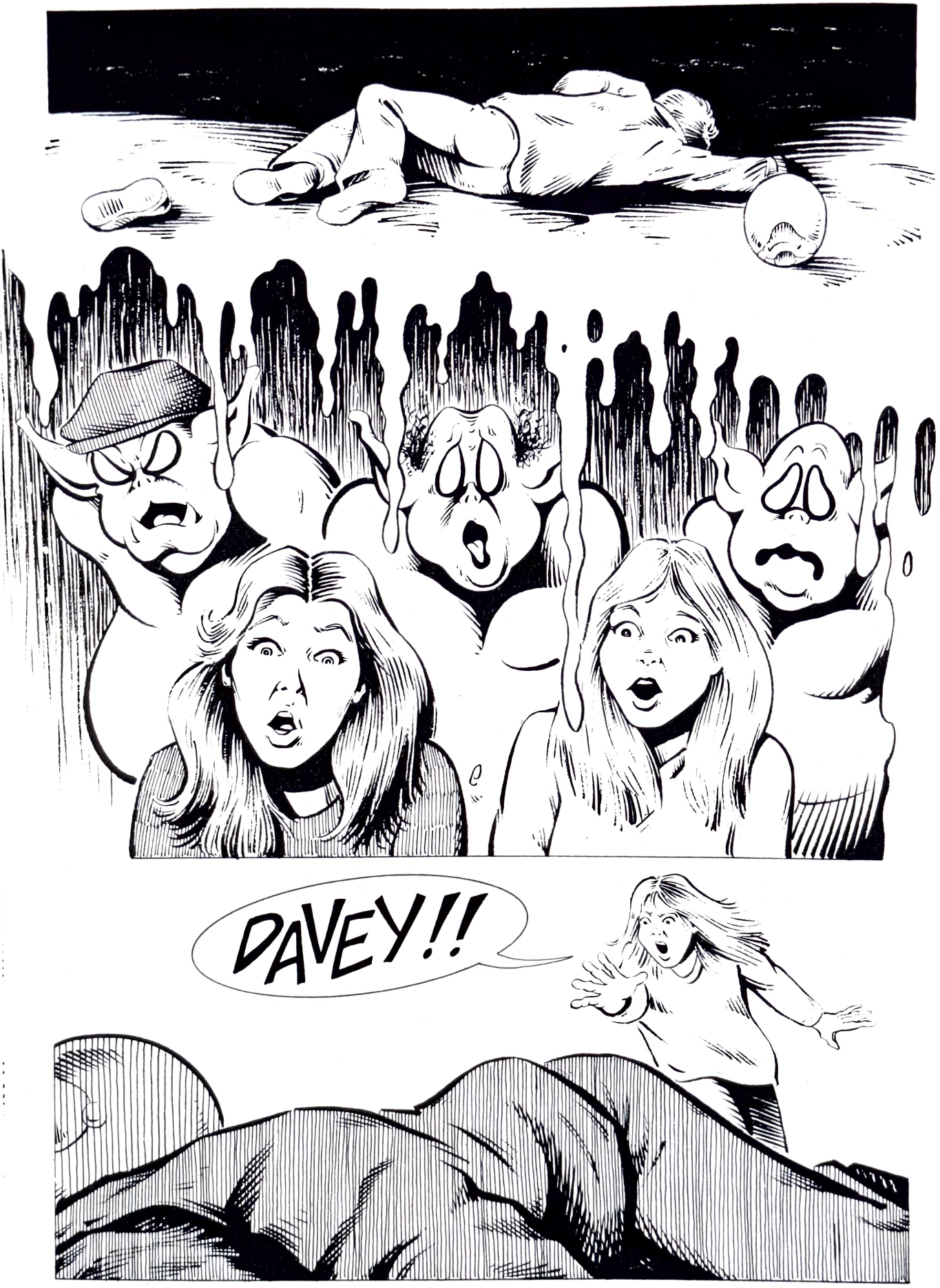
...THEN WE RESCUE EVERYONE FROM... EH...


...THEN WE BOUNCE ON THE COUCH AN' BOP 'IM ON THE HEAD...
...AN' SAVE THE WORLD... AGAIN!
DAVEY'S REALLY GOOD AT IT!

SKREEERRR THUMP!

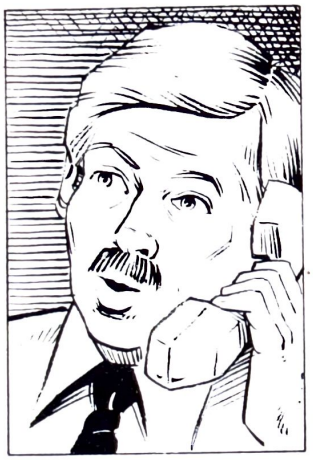


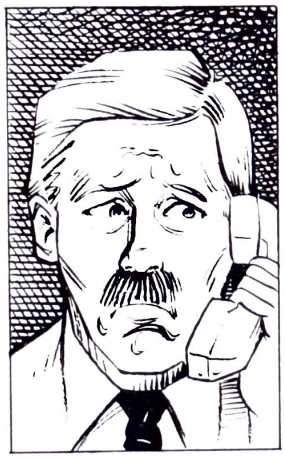


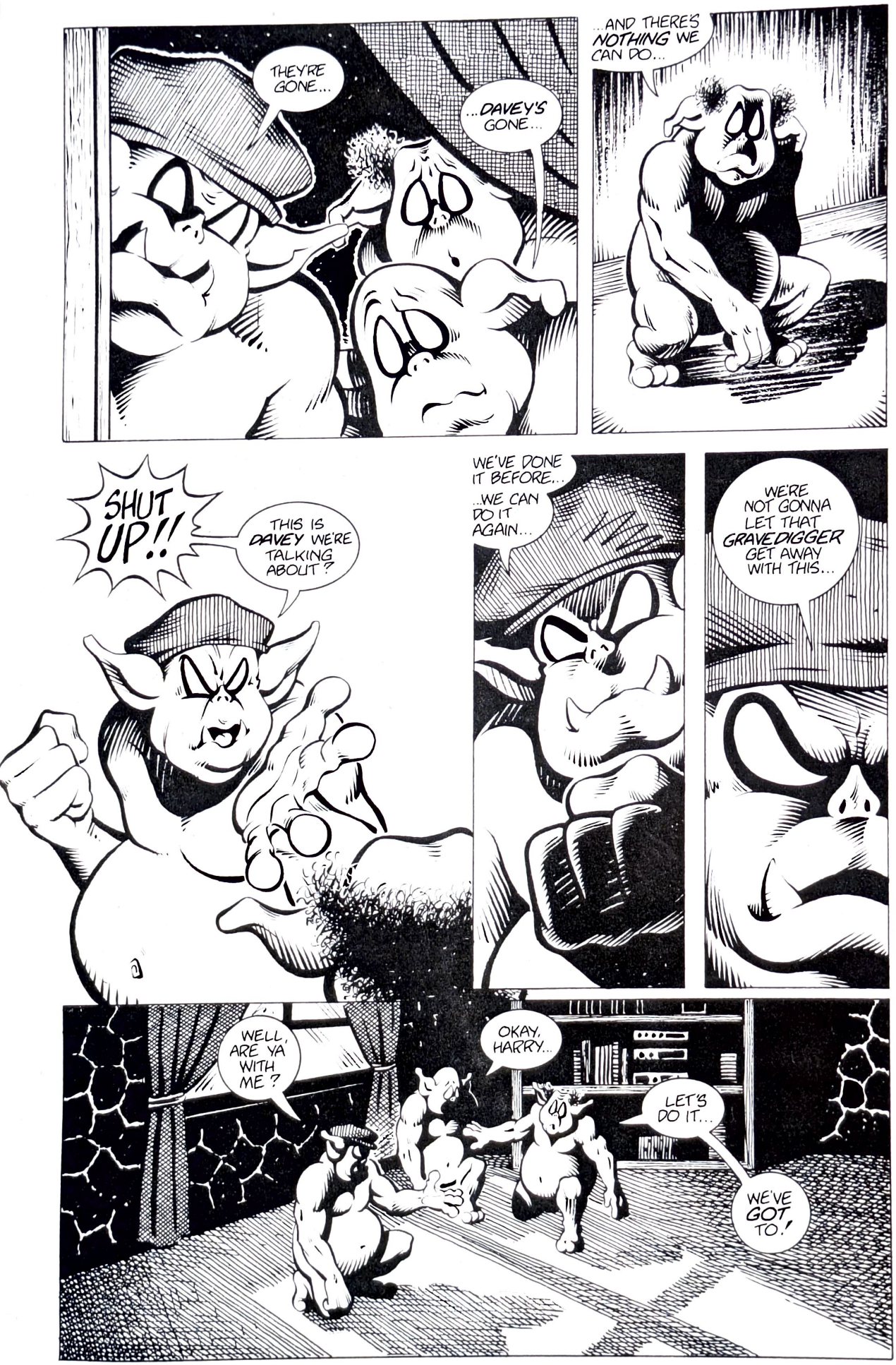

DAVEY!!

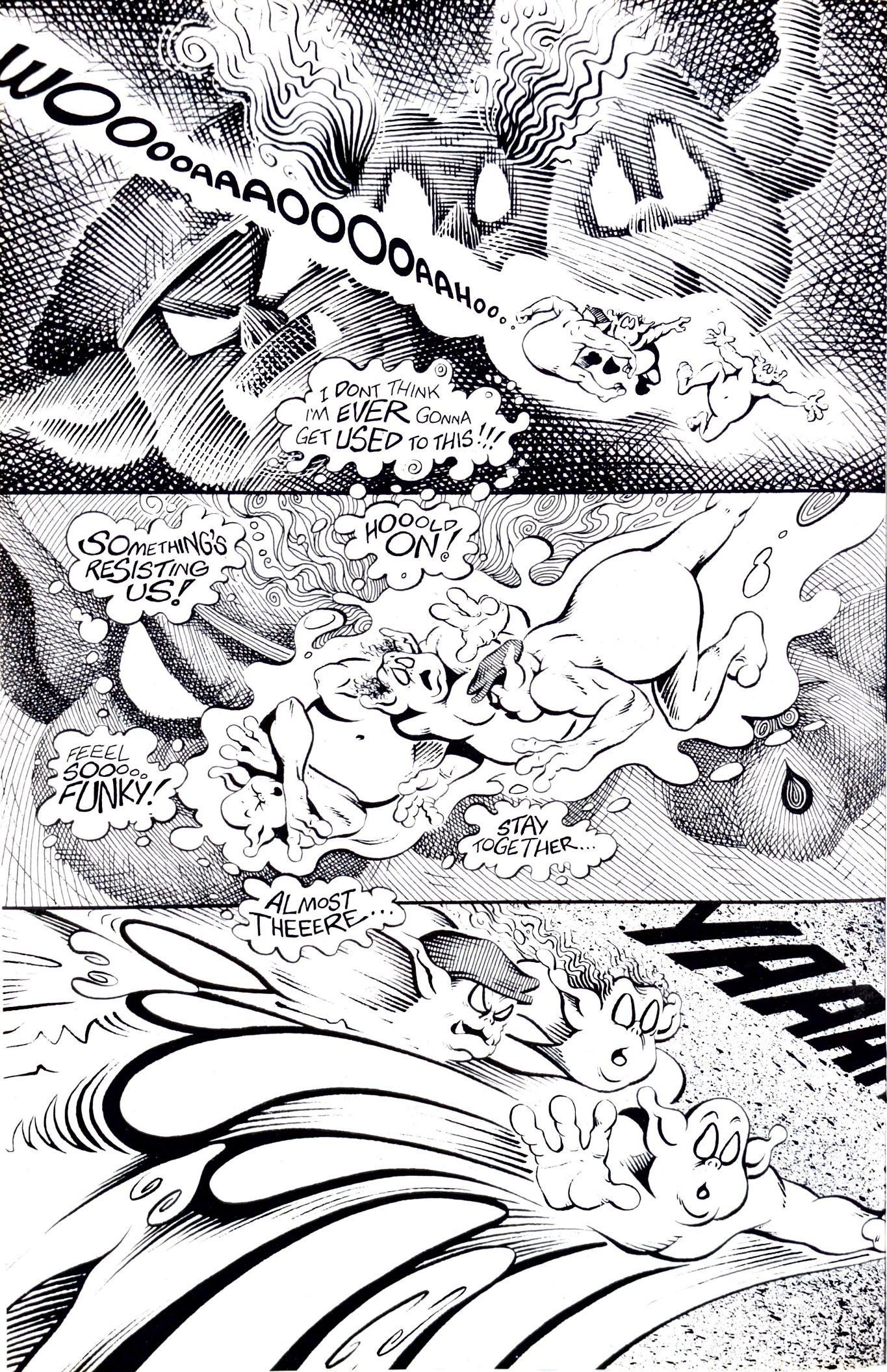
EEEEOOOOOOEEEEOOOOOOO
DON'T GO OUT THERE.
...BUT... DAVEY!...
...GOTTA CALL FOR HELP...

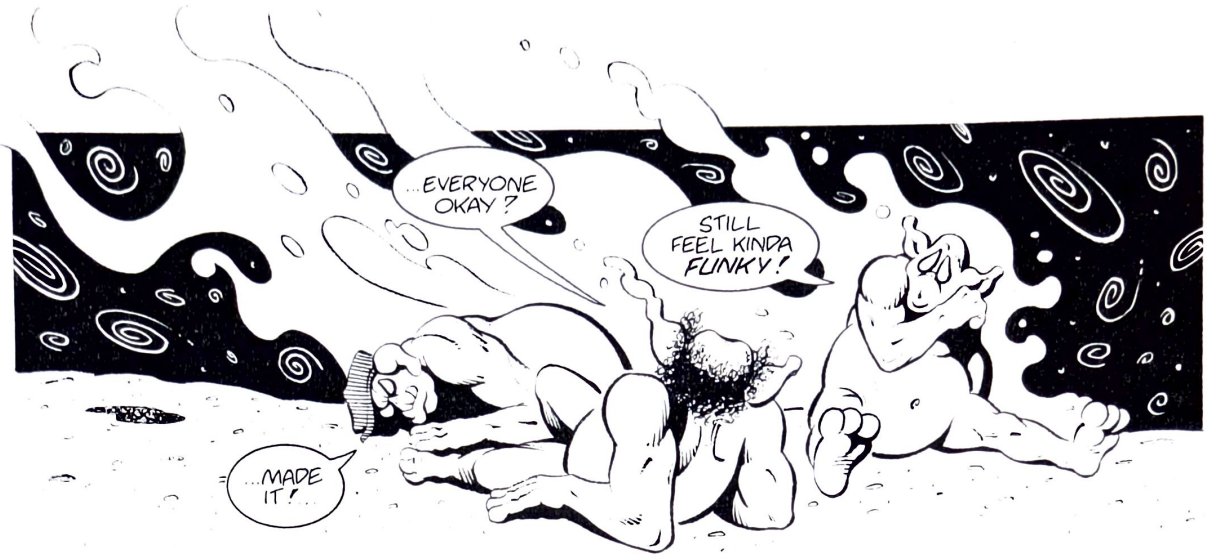
RING
P. ANDERSON

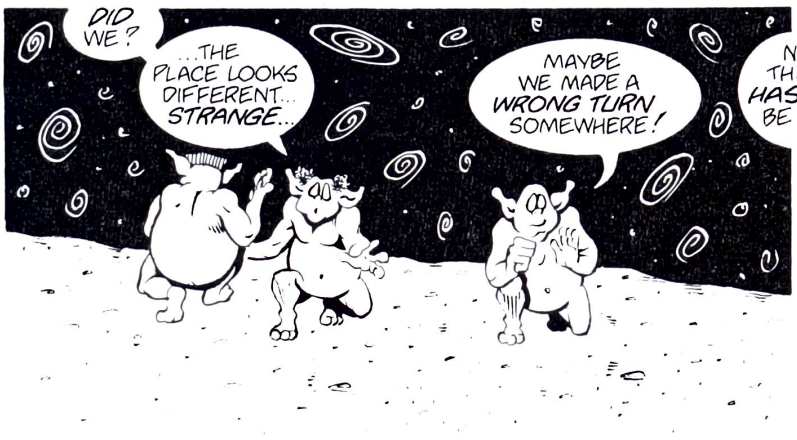




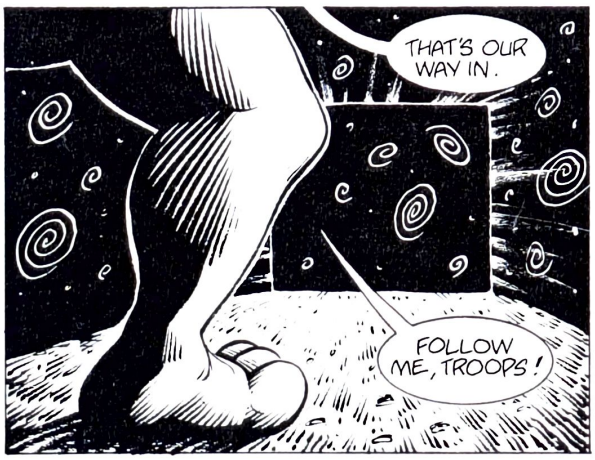

THEY'RE GONE...
...DAVEY'S GONE...
...AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO...
SHUT UP!!
THIS IS DAVEY WE'RE TALKING ABOUT?
WE'VE DONE IT BEFORE...
...WE CAN DO IT AGAIN...
WE'RE NOT GONNA LET THAT GRAVEDIGGER GET AWAY WITH THIS...
WELL, ARE YA WITH ME?
OKAY, HARRY...
LET'S DO IT...
WE'VE GOT TO!

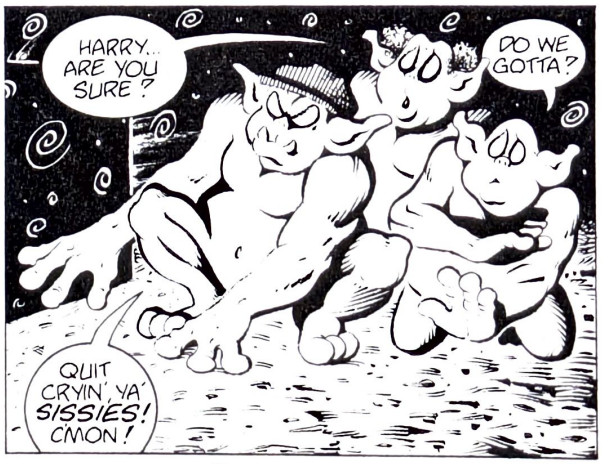

WOOOOAAAOOOOAAHOO...
I DONT THINK I'M EVER GONNA GET USED TO THIS!!!
SOMETHING'S RESISTING US!
HOOOLD ON!
FEEEL SOOOO... FUNKY!
STAY TOGETHER...
ALMOST THEEERE...

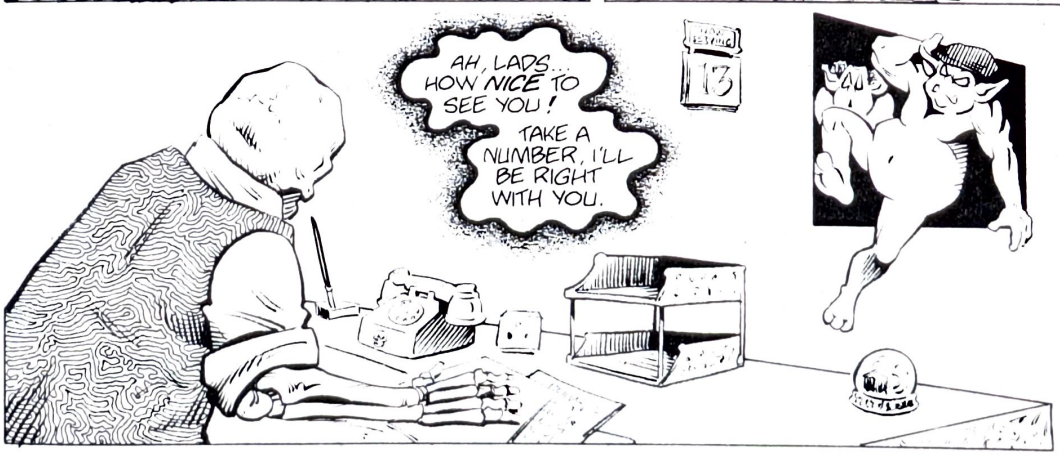

...EVERYONE OKAY?
STILL FEEL KINDA FUNKY!
...MADE IT!

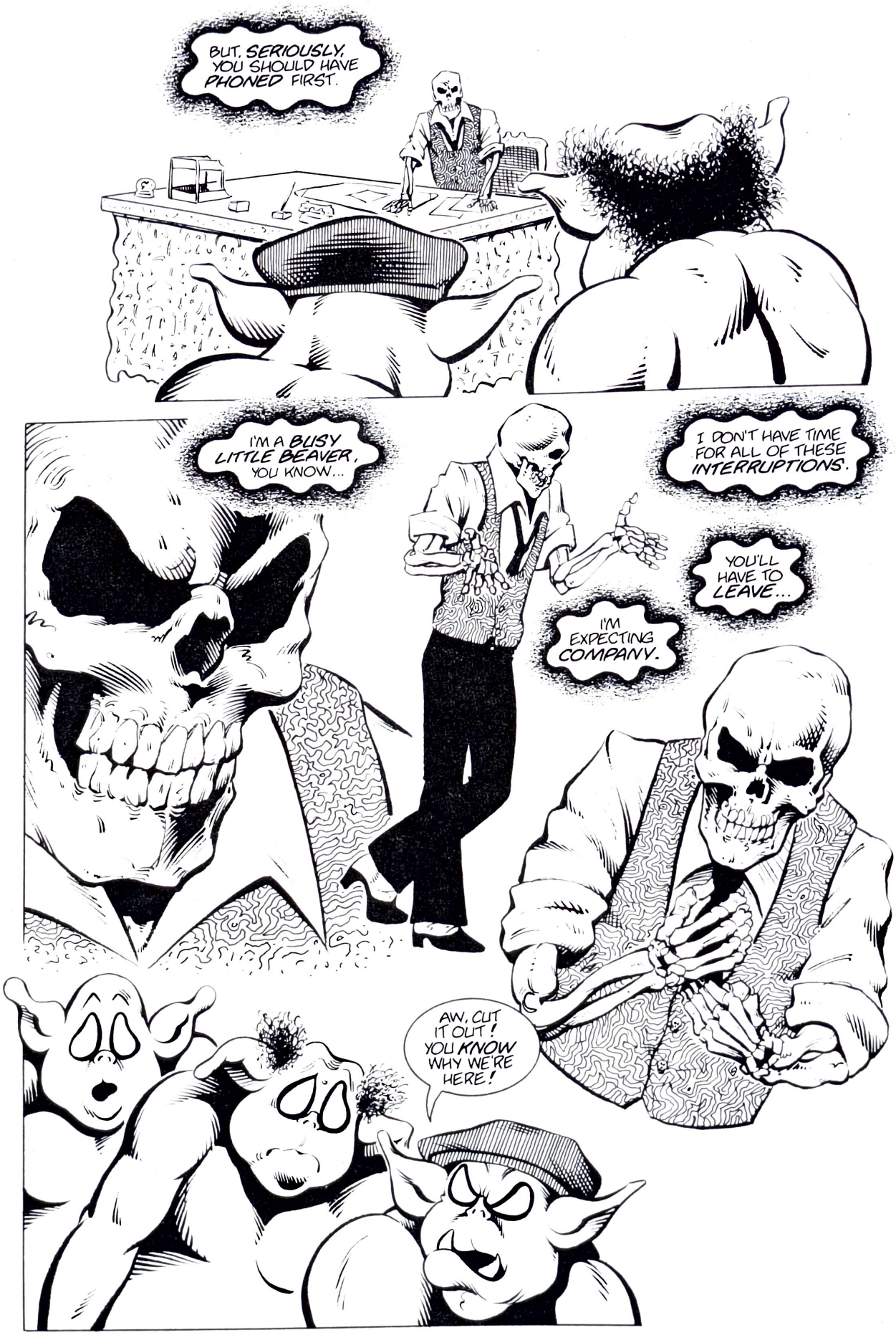

DID WE?
...THE PLACE LOOKS DIFFERENT... STRANGE...
MAYBE WE MADE A WRONG TURN SOMEWHERE!

NO, THIS HAS TO BE IT...
LOOK OVER THERE...

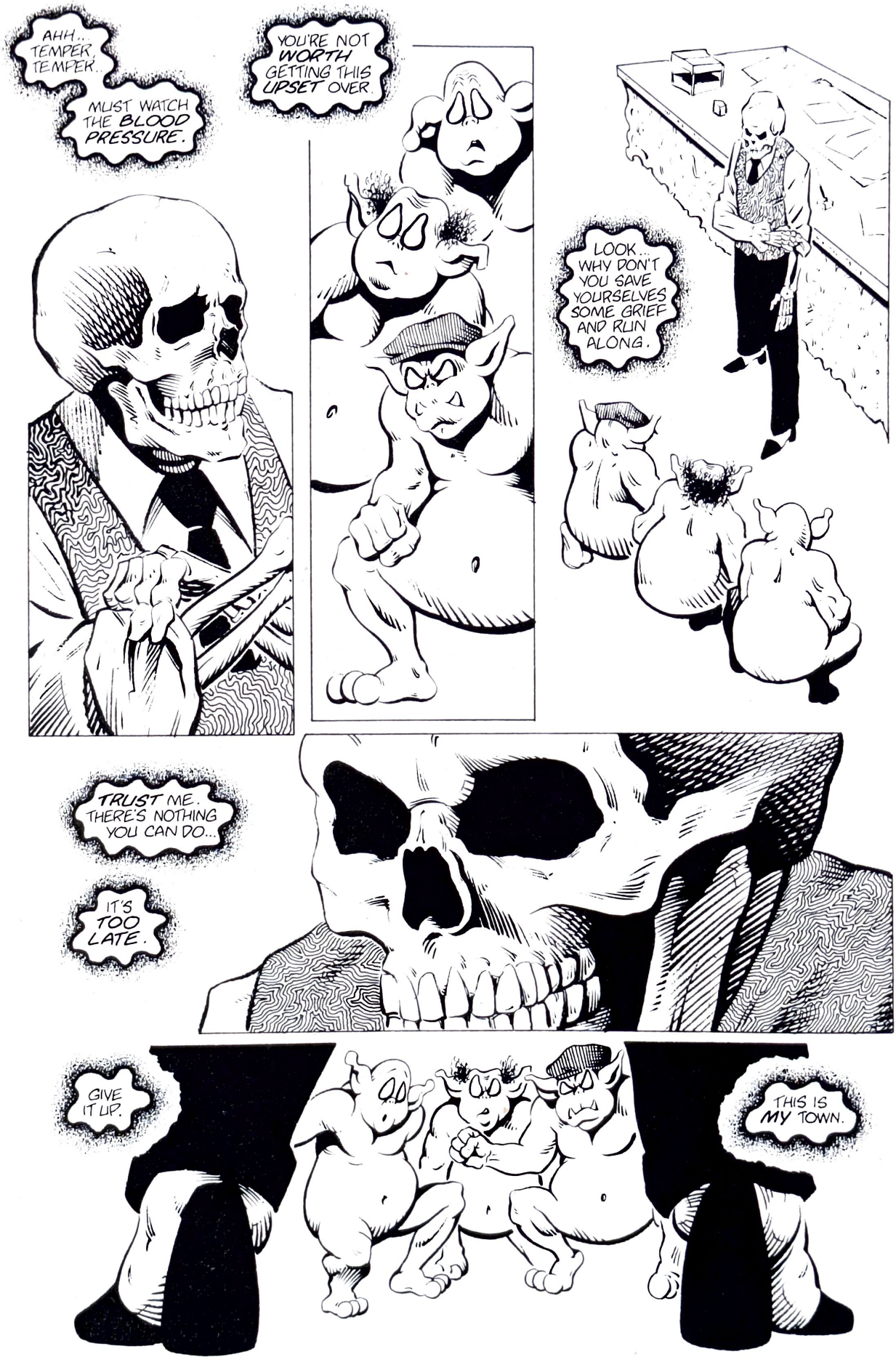

THAT'S OUR WAY IN.
FOLLOW ME, TROOPS!


HARRY... ARE YOU SURE?
DO WE GOTTA?
QUIT CRYIN' YA' SISSIES! C'MON!

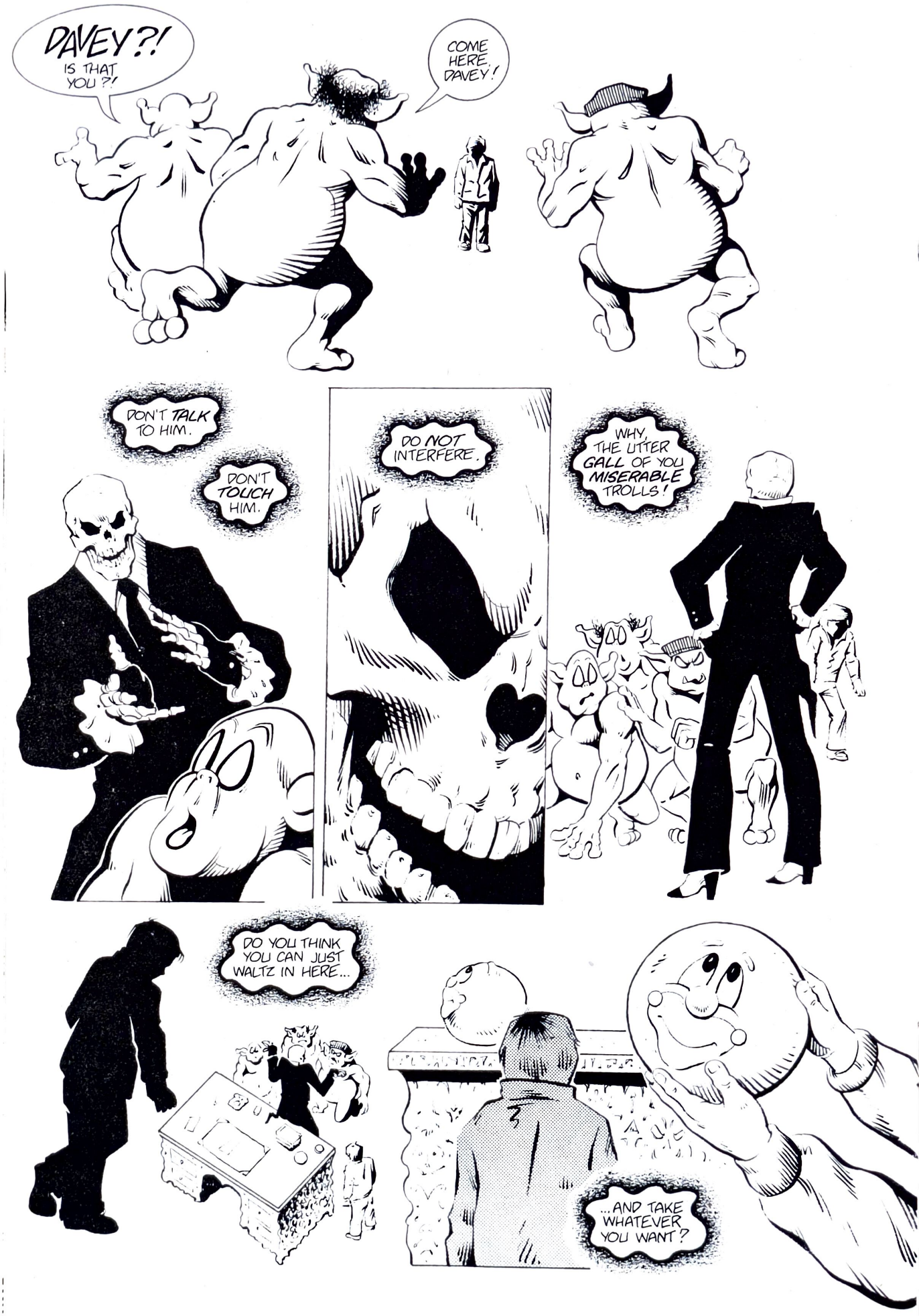

AH, LADS... HOW NICE TO SEE YOU!
TAKE A NUMBER, I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.
13

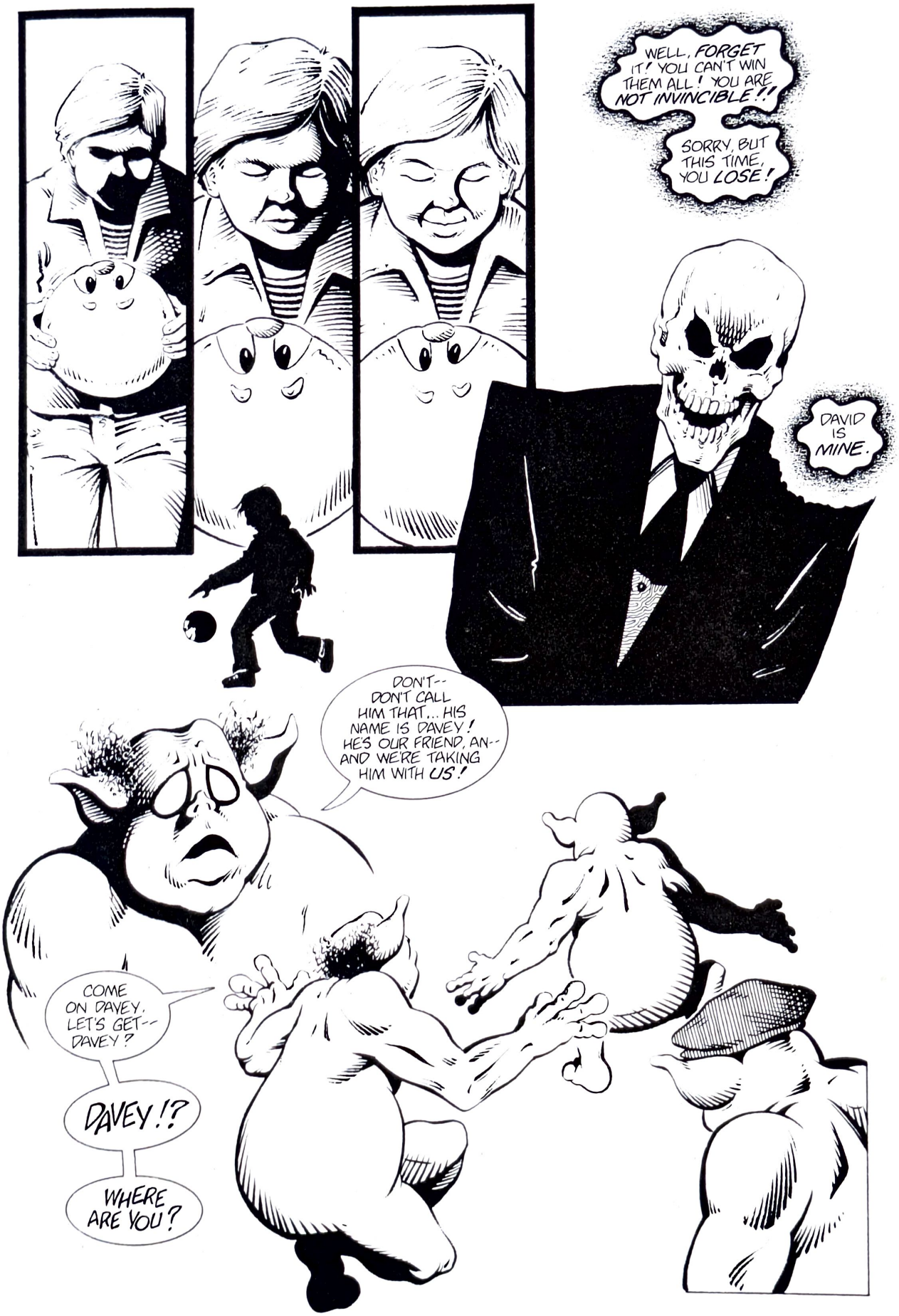

BUT, SERIOUSLY, YOU SHOULD HAVE PHONED FIRST.
I'M A BUSY LITTLE BEAVER, YOU KNOW...
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR ALL OF THESE INTERRUPTIONS.
YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE...
I'M EXPECTING COMPANY.
AW, CUT IT OUT! YOU KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE!

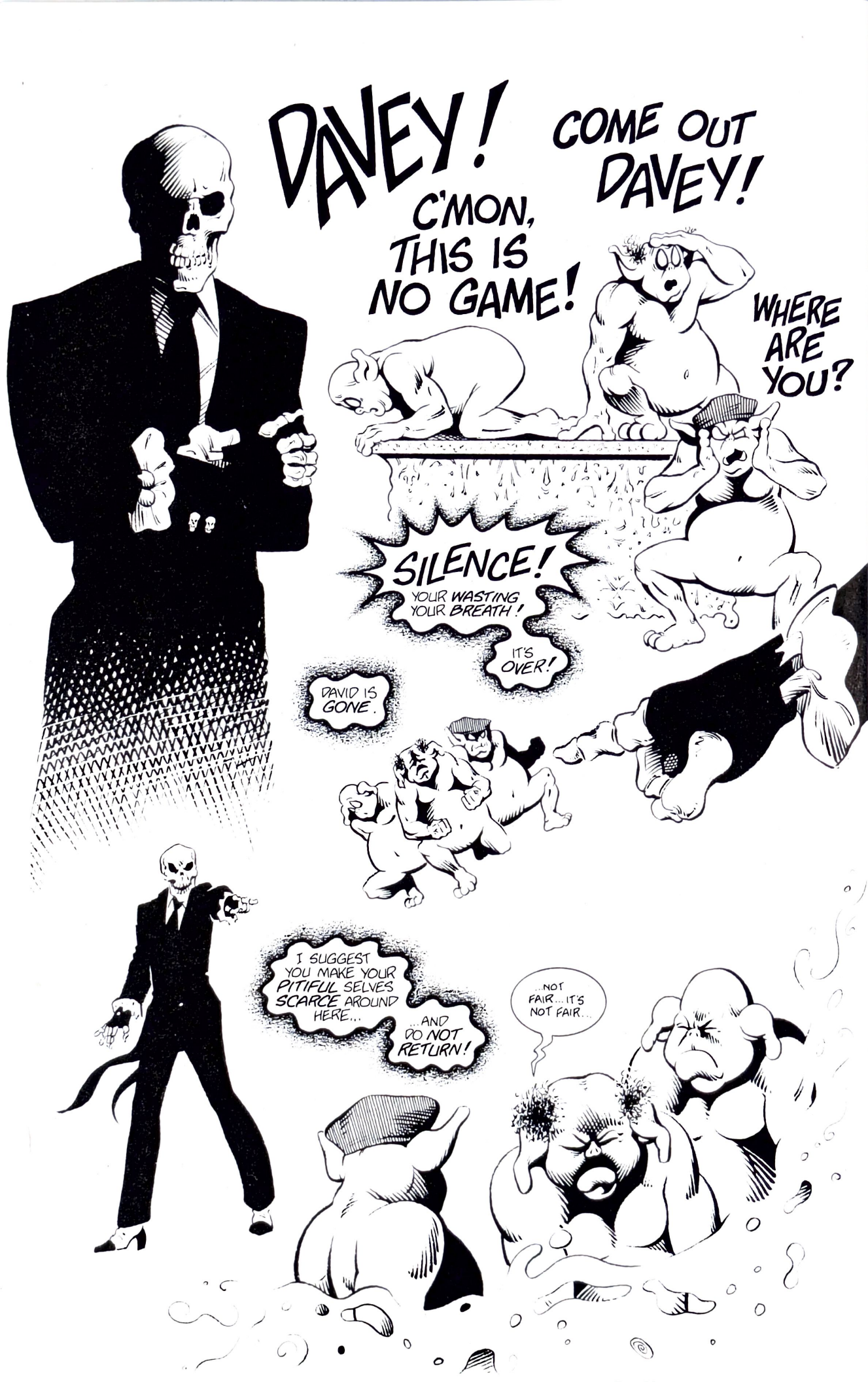
NOOo, I DON'T.
LISTEN, YOU'VE GOT NO BUSINESS HERE.
NOT YET ANYWAY... HEH HEH
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHAT, DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE FOREVER?
LET ME SET YOU STRAIGHT, GENTS...
NOBODY DOES.
DO I HAVE TO POUND IT INTO YOUR THICK SKULLS? DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH YOUR IGNORANCE FRUSTRATES ME? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA?...
OOOOOO YOU MAKE ME SO MAD!
I COULD JUST...
...JUST...

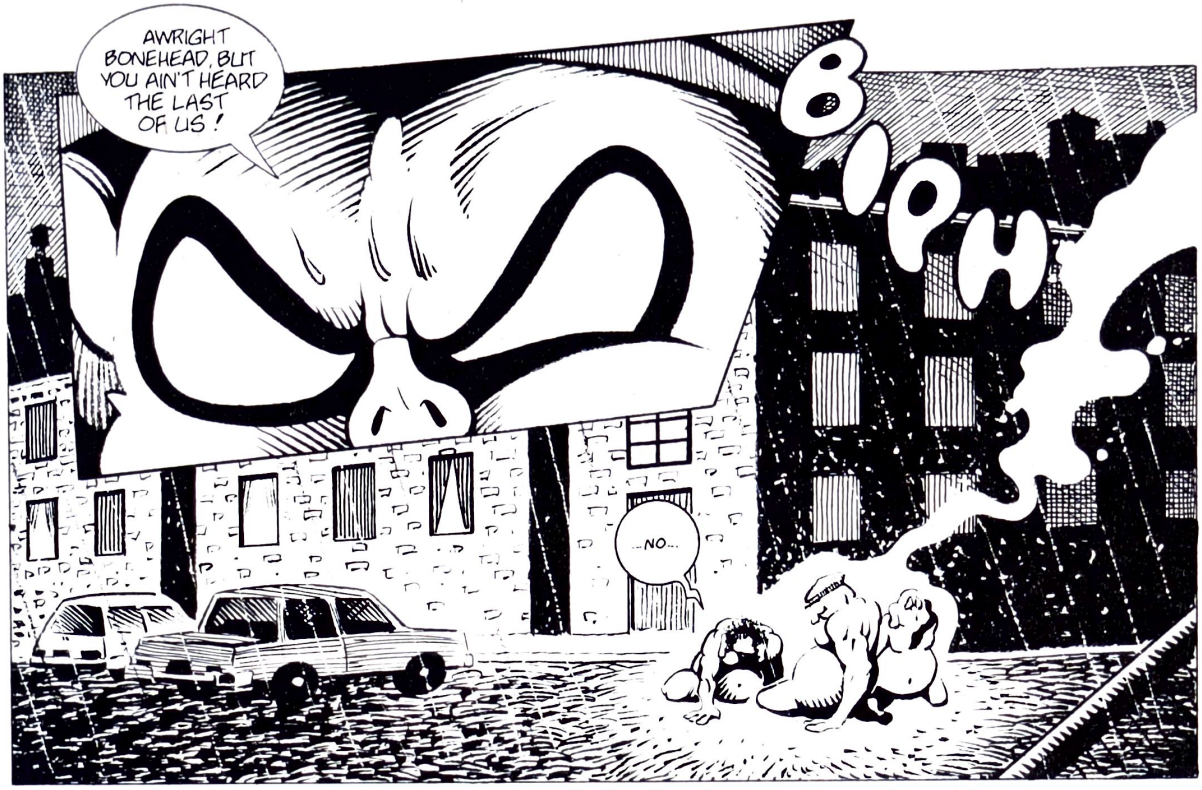

AHH.. TEMPER, TEMPER..
MUST WATCH THE BLOOD PRESSURE.
YOU'RE NOT WORTH GETTING THIS UPSET OVER.
LOOK... WHY DON'T YOU SAVE YOURSELVES SOME GRIEF AND RUN ALONG.
TRUST ME. THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO...
IT'S TOO LATE.
GIVE IT UP.
THIS IS MY TOWN.

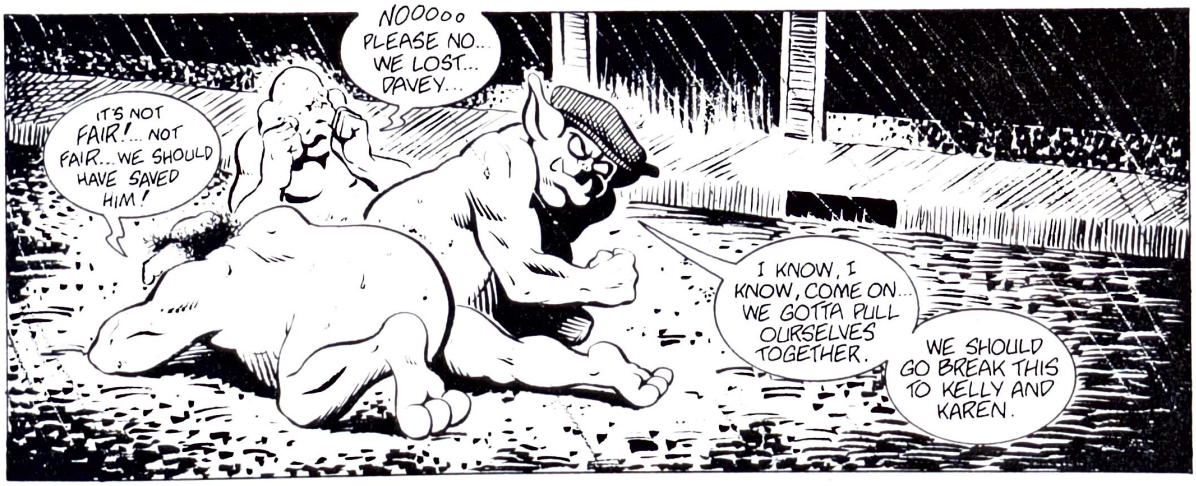
WE AIN'T LEAVIN' 'TIL WE GET WHAT WE CAME FOR.
FINE.
SUIT YOUR-SELVES.
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU.
JUST, PLEASE... DON'T GET IN THE WAY.
ALRIGHT YOU-- KNOCK IT OFF! QUIT PRETENDIN'!
YOU DO KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE!
YOU CAN'T JUST IGNORE US!
MM HM... OH, LOOK...
...MY GUEST HAS ARRIVED!


DAVEY?! IS THAT YOU?!
COME HERE, DAVEY!
DON'T TALK TO HIM.
DON'T TOUCH HIM.
DO NOT INTERFERE.
WHY, THE UTTER GALL OF YOU MISERABLE TROLLS!
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST WALTZ IN HERE...
...AND TAKE WHATEVER YOU WANT?


WELL, FORGET IT! YOU CAN'T WIN THEM ALL! YOU ARE NOT INVINCIBLE!!
SORRY, BUT THIS TIME, YOU LOSE!
DAVID IS MINE.
DON'T-- DON'T CALL HIM THAT... HIS NAME IS DAVEY! HE'S OUR FRIEND, AN-- AND WE'RE TAKING HIM WITH US!
COME ON DAVEY, LET'S GET-- DAVEY?
DAVEY!?
WHERE ARE YOU?


DAVEY!
COME OUT DAVEY!
C'MON, THIS IS NO GAME!
WHERE ARE YOU?
SILENCE! YOUR WASTING YOUR BREATH!
IT'S OVER!
DAVID IS GONE.
I SUGGEST YOU MAKE YOUR PITIFUL SELVES SCARCE AROUND HERE...
...AND DO NOT RETURN!
...NOT FAIR... IT'S NOT FAIR...

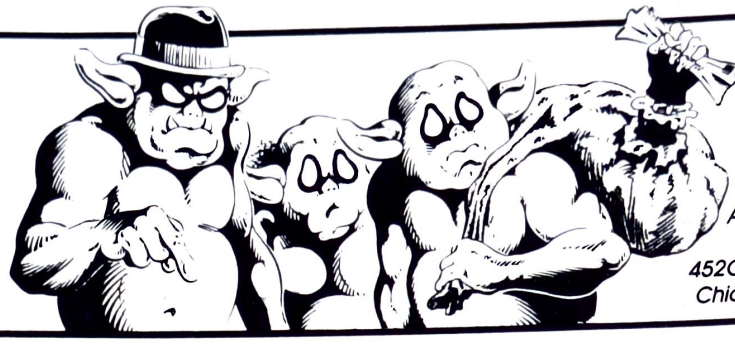

AWRIGHT BONEHEAD, BUT YOU AIN'T HEARD THE LAST OF US!
BIPH
...NO...


NOOOoo PLEASE NO... WE LOST... DAVEY...
IT'S NOT FAIR!... NOT FAIR... WE SHOULD HAVE SAVED HIM!
I KNOW, I KNOW, COME ON... WE GOTTA PULL OURSELVES TOGETHER.
WE SHOULD GO BREAK THIS TO KELLY AND KAREN.

I DON'T THINK WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEM, HARRY...

...I THINK THEY ALREADY KNOW.
END

IT'S IN THE BAG



Address mail to:
Trolletters
4520 North Monitor
Chicago, IL 60630

Hello everyone! I'm Len Strazewski, new Trollords editor. I had hoped to fill my first letter column with some of the insightful missives readers have been sending us, but Editor Emeritus Brian Augustyn sent us the following travelogue...and...well, age and rank doth have its privileges. However, I am not printing his 15 pages of stuffed mushroom recipes, no matter how many times he sends them to us.

***

Gang,

I'm not sure which is more disturbing, having to pack your entire life into a moving truck or finding out that it can be done--rather easily at that, too.

So there we were, on the road; Nadine and the cat Carlysle in the Buick and me and Moxie the pooch in the U-Haul. Nine hundred miles to cover with only animals for company...and the radio of course. Oy! You bet we made plenty of rest stops.

Consider all this. Then consider crossing Ohio, right after crossing Indiana and , and you realize that those nine hundred miles began to seem like nine million. We should've had walkie-talkies...or plane tickets.

With all the packing,last minute details and the expected nervousness, we were not the most well-rested of people, and when you add in ten hours and five hundred miles of...nothing, you can guess that the going was more than a little rough.

When we left Chicago--actually crossed the border, I mean--it was, I think, the first time that I realized what I was doing. None of it had quite sunk in until that moment. What on earth was I doing? Pursuing a dream behind the wheel of a U-Haul truck, I guess.

One thing I definitely left behind was good radio. As we crossed the heartland, one boring small town radio station after another would fade and drift across the radio dial. All those hours and miles later, in the grip of a major lethargy, I needed, really needed, something interesting to engage me and keep me awake. Alas, alack.

We had planned an overnight stop in Pennsylvania and with about seventy-some miles left, my eyes would not stay open. As I desperately chased bad radio across the push buttons, I suddenly found exactly what I needed...Chicago radio. Amazingly, hours after we had left it behind, the ol'town was reaching out to us. It was great. It perked me up and got me through. Just as we got to our motel, the station began to fade, leaving us with one last song..."Sweet Home Chicago." Honest. You can leave, but you don't have to leave it behind.

If this happened in fiction, it would be dismissed as bad writing, but this happened in real life. I appreciated the send off.

After a truck break-down and an unexpected stop-over in the "romantic" Poconos, we arrived at our new home in Connecticut. We'll get used to it, I'm sure.

The new job is terrific and I'm having a blast...you know, it's comics. More on that later.

Best of everything to you guys and the Trollords. I'm already missing you all. Do good stuff, okay?

Best,
Brian

P.S. Hi to all from Nadine...and Moxie and Carlysle.

Ah, the wonders of modern technology, brought to us by the same people who gave us telephones, computers, MCI Mail and all those other things that keep people in touch over hundreds of miles.

Now, if only we can figure a way to transmit some Italian beef and Home Run Inn pizza to our editor emeritus. Wait a sec....

Harry? Larry? Jerry? Have you guys ever considered opening a delivery service? "Biph Express... Hot Food To Your Door!"

Hey, c'mon guys...I know you're busy, but he's dyin' for some real pizza out there!

***

Hey Troll-dudes,

Get this: my roomie called your book tacky! How anyone could misjudge a book so is beyond me. I've only seen three issues (those back issues are murder), but you've gained a strong fan here in this boy. I'm in college, but what the heck! I like the whimsical attitude of the trolls a lot, mainly because that's how I would act, given the chance.

The trolls have fun while dealing with life. Kinda hard in reality, but these guys show that it's possible. Life gets me down a lot, but now I know how to cheer myself up--read your book.

#9 was NASTY! #10 was HILARIOUS! The future looks bright!

Very sincerely,
Gary H. Don
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

P.S. Sorry about the messiness and the whimsiness! Can't help it right now. Midterms, y'know!

***

Thanks for the kind words Gary. Just remember that when life in Saskatoon gets you down, things could be worse. You could be in North Battlesford, the mosquito capital of Canada. Saskatoon is heaven by comparison.

That's all for now, folks. As our winning letter writer, our Saskatoon correspondent will receive a grab bag of back issues. (Hey guys! Do we still have some back issues? Whew!)

Cheers,
Len

READ THESE BOOKS AND HELP THOSE WHO CAN'T.

WORD WARRIORS:

JON SABLE

MS. TREE

STREETWOLF

AND IN QUEST FOR DREAMS LOST:

TROLLORDS

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES

REALM

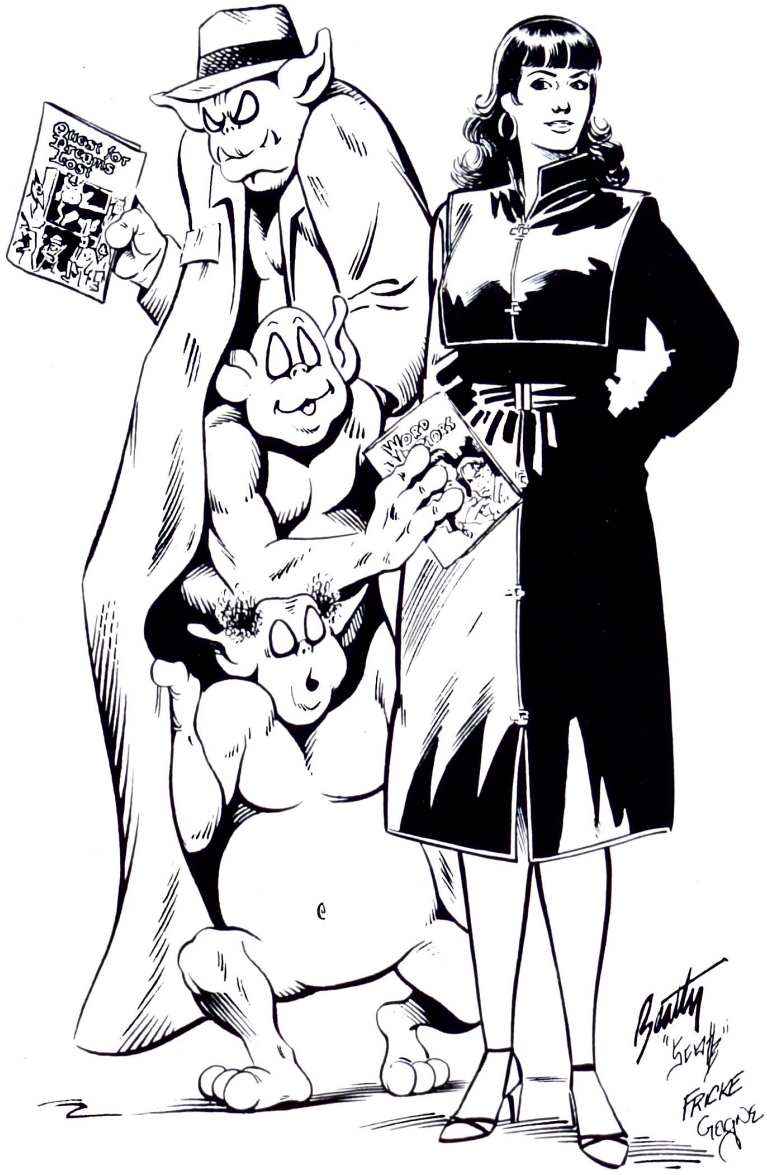
REACTO MAN

EB'NN

SILENT INVASION

WORDSMITH

THE ANIVERSE



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"RED MASUR WAS MY FATHER'S BEST FRIEND AND WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL, MY BIGGEST TREAT WAS SPENDING A WEEK WITH UNCLE RED AND AUNT TRICIA. WHEN SHE CALLED I JUST HAD TO COME..."

AUNT TRICIA, HE'S BEAUTIFUL!

YOUR UNCLE RED RAISED HIM FROM A COLT! HE'S GOT *GREAT* BLOOD LINES.

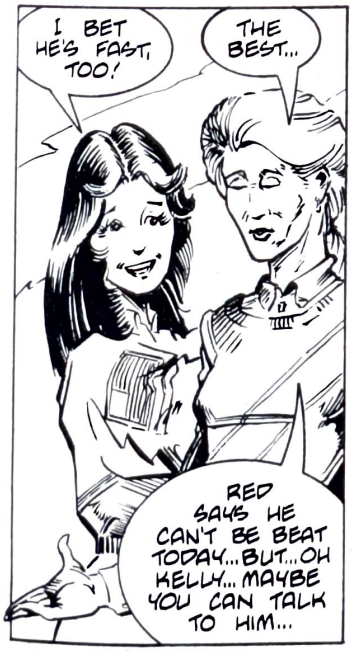
RUN FOR A LIFE!

story--LEN **STRAZEWSKI**

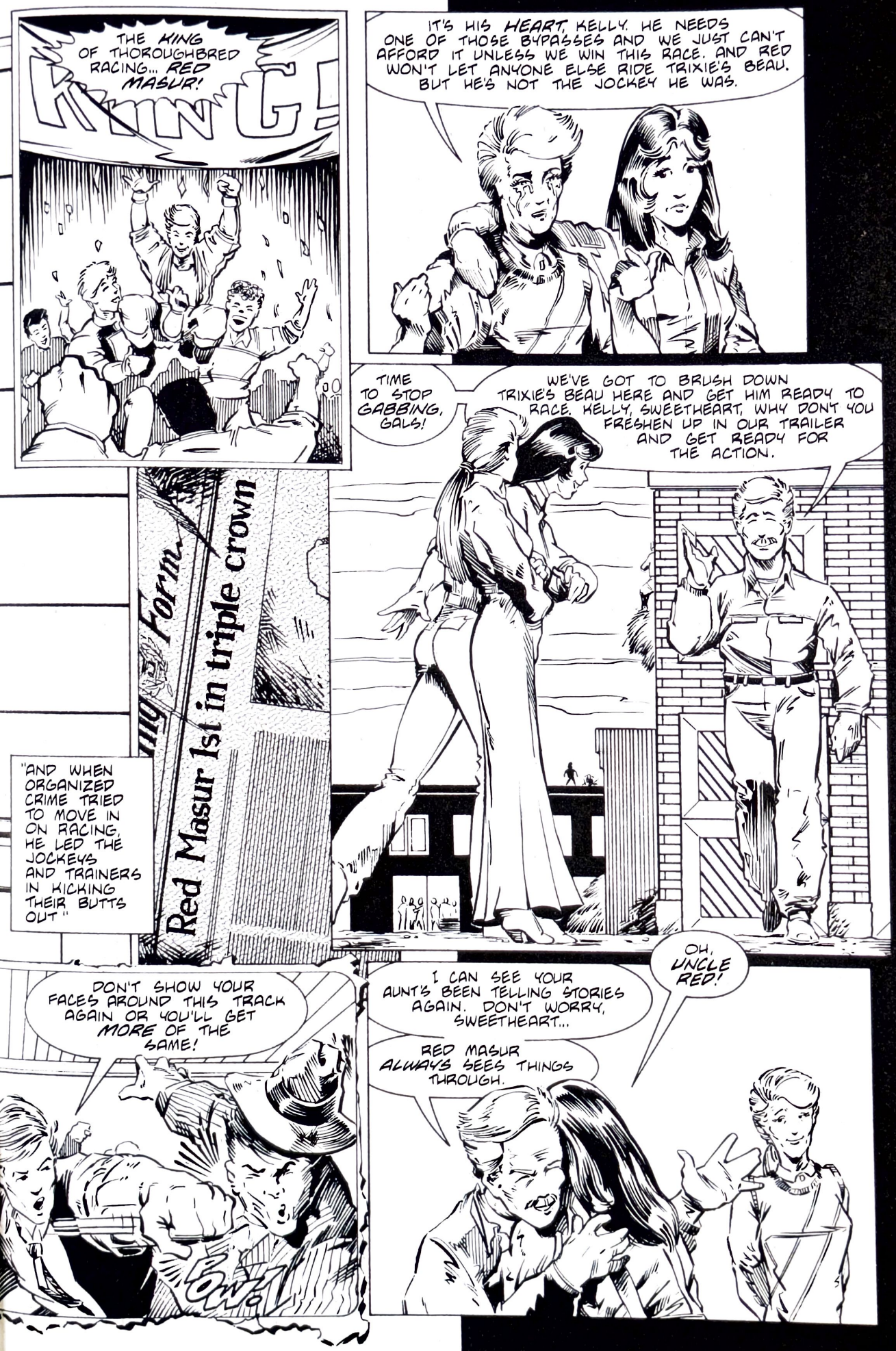
art--GARY THOMAS **WASHINGTON**

inks/letters--WILLIE **SCHUBERT**

editor--BRIAN **AUGUSTYN**

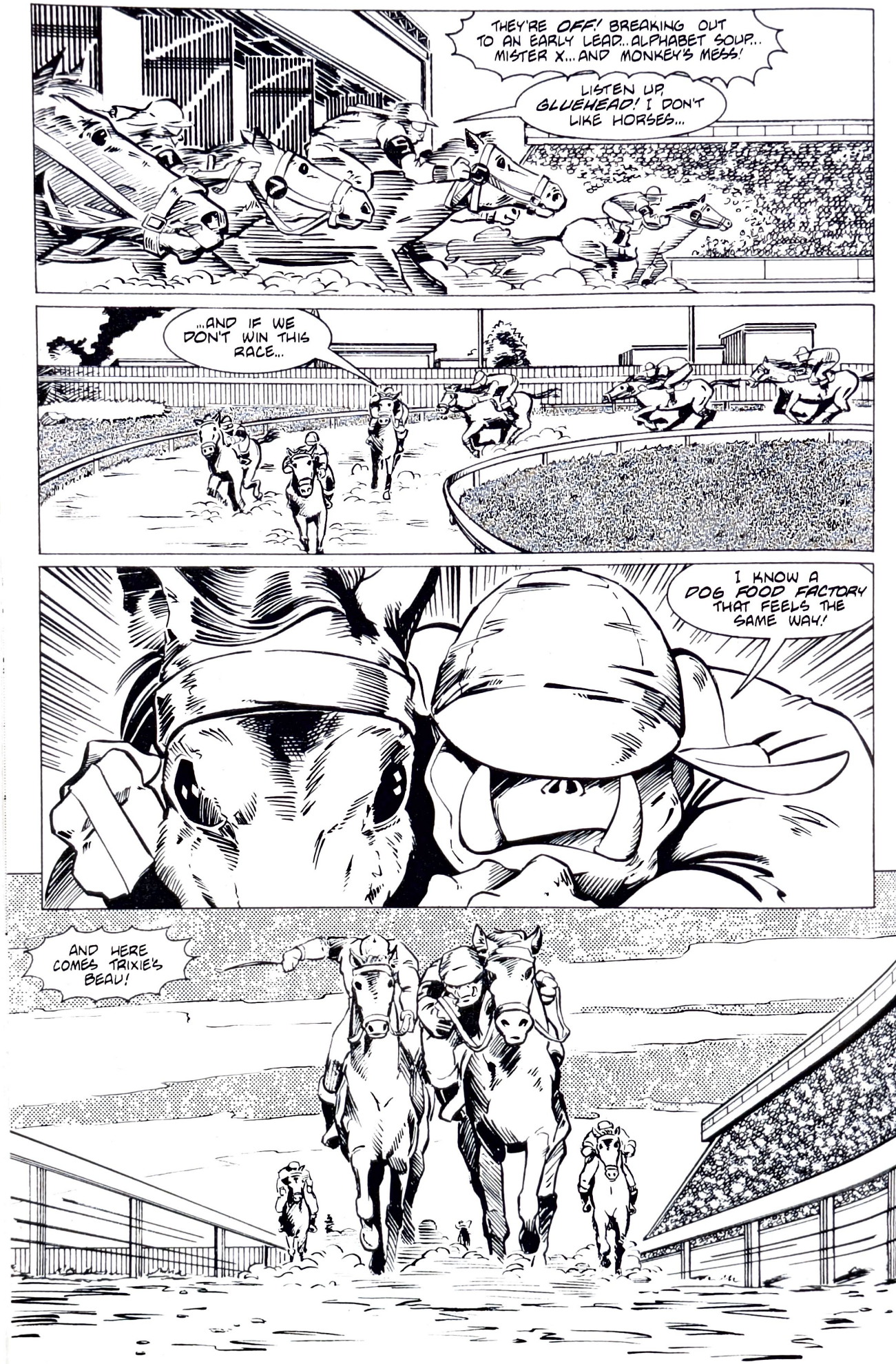


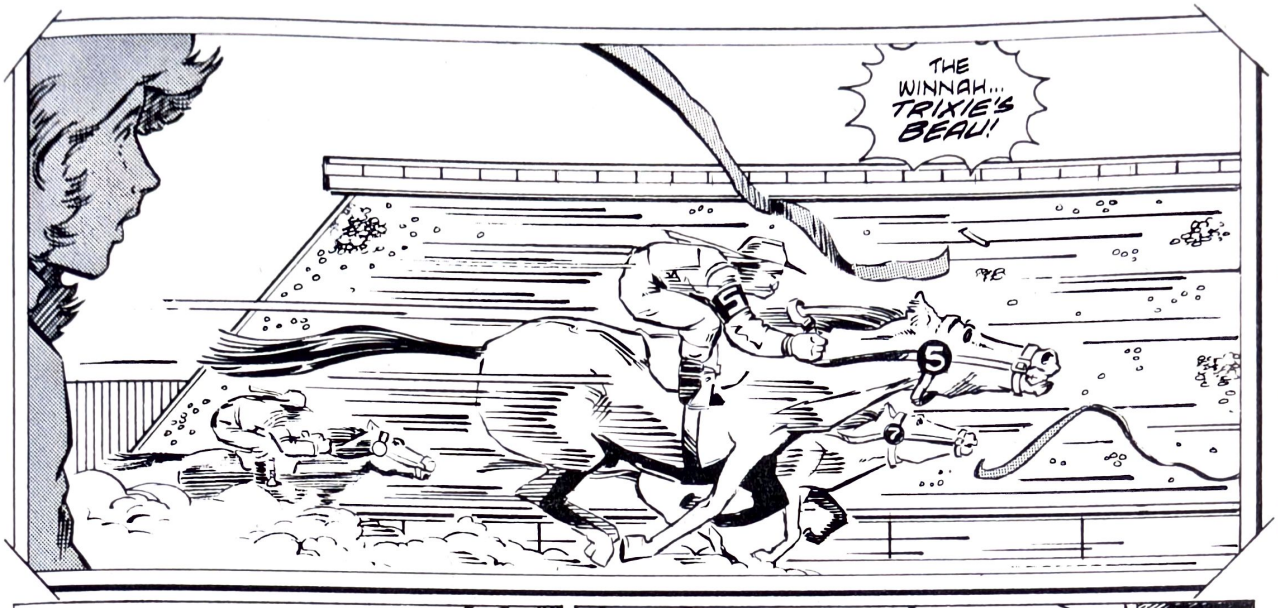
"UNCLE RED WAS SOMETHING ELSE ALL RIGHT. I SAW THE PICTURES IN AUNT TRICIA'S SCRAPBOOK. THE YOUNGEST JOCKEY EVER TO RACE IN AND WIN THE TRIPLE CROWN...
"...A REAL HERO.

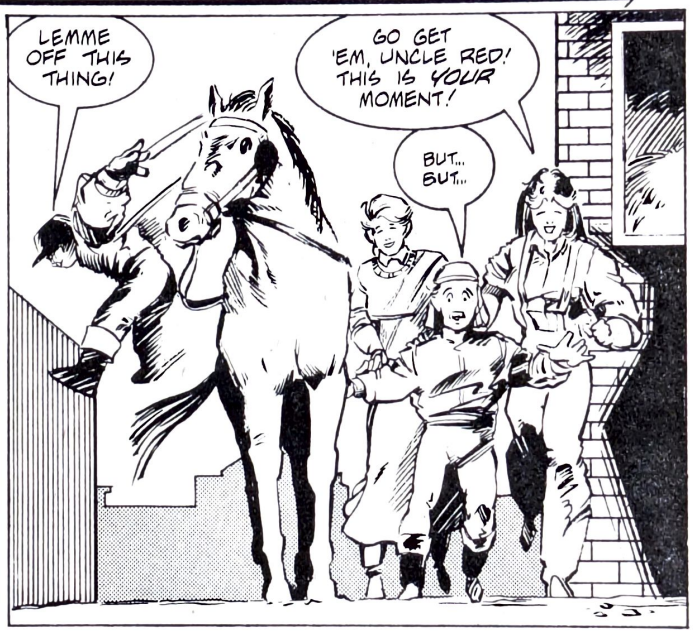

THE KING OF THOROUGHBRED RACING... RED MASUR!
KING!
IT'S HIS HEART, KELLY. HE NEEDS ONE OF THOSE BYPASSES AND WE JUST CAN'T AFFORD IT UNLESS WE WIN THIS RACE. AND RED WON'T LET ANYONE ELSE RIDE TRIXIE'S BEAU. BUT HE'S NOT THE JOCKEY HE WAS.
TIME TO STOP GABBING, GALS!
WE'VE GOT TO BRUSH DOWN TRIXIE'S BEAU HERE AND GET HIM READY TO RACE. KELLY, SWEETHEART, WHY DON'T YOU FRESHEN UP IN OUR TRAILER AND GET READY FOR THE ACTION.
Form
Red Masur 1st in triple crown
"AND WHEN ORGANIZED CRIME TRIED TO MOVE IN ON RACING, HE LED THE JOCKEYS AND TRAINERS IN KICKING THEIR BUTTS OUT"
DON'T SHOW YOUR FACES AROUND THIS TRACK AGAIN OR YOU'LL GET MORE OF THE SAME!
Ow!
I CAN SEE YOUR AUNT'S BEEN TELLING STORIES AGAIN. DON'T WORRY, SWEETHEART...
RED MASUR ALWAYS SEES THINGS THROUGH.
OH, UNCLE RED!

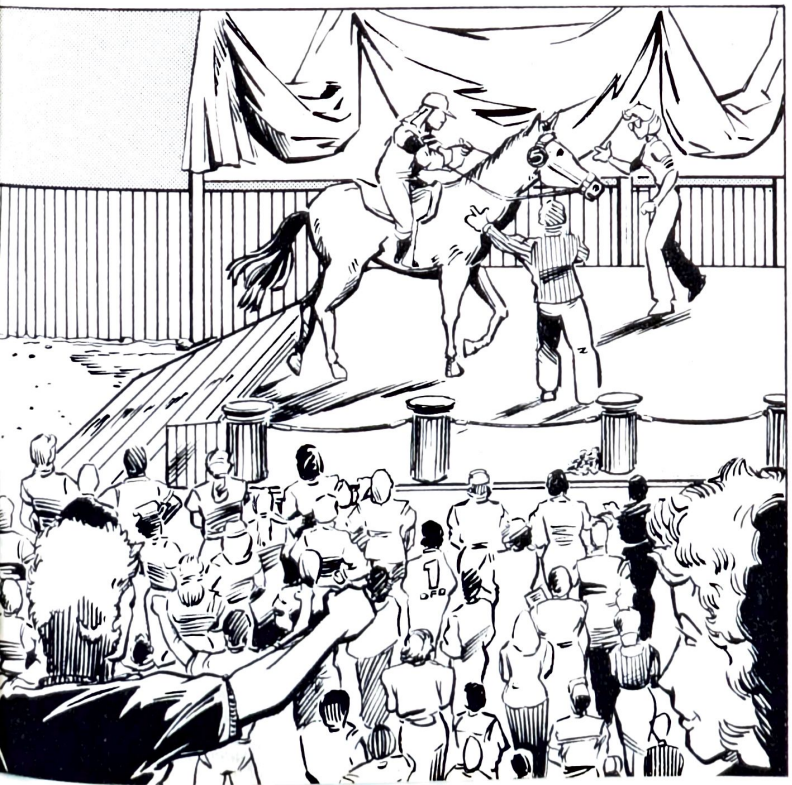
COME ON OUT, BOYS! THEY'RE GONE.
WE CAN'T LET RED RIDE! HE COULD DIE!
IF ONLY THERE WERE SOMEONE ELSE...
I DON'T KNOW. THE ODDS ARE AGAINST US.
IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS WORK.
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
ALL RIGHT, HARRY, WE'LL GIVE IT A TRY!
BUT I DON'T EVEN LIKE HORSES. AND WHAT ABOUT RED?
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF RED!
WE WILL?
SURE. WHEN HE GOES TO CHANGE INTO HIS RACING CLOTHES, WE'LL LOCK HIM IN THE CLUBHOUSE UNTIL THE RACE IS OVER... OR SOMETHING.

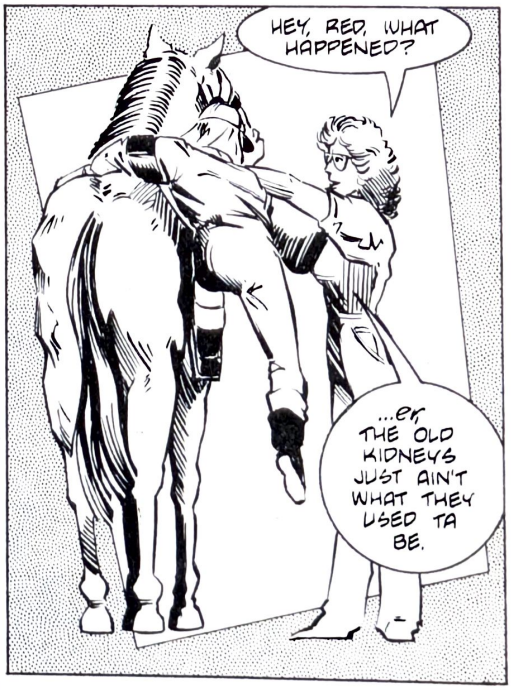
WELL, OLD FELLA, LET'S JUST HOPE THE TICKER CAN LAST ONE MORE RACE.
GOSH, SHE'S BEATING LIKE A TRIP HAMMER!
WHAT THE... DURN THING'S STUCK!
TRIXIE'S BEAU... FIRST OUTTING. I DON'T KNOW. RED MASUR'S GETTING PRETTY LONG IN THE TOOTH FOR RIDING.
I'LL SAY!


THEY'RE OFF! BREAKING OUT TO AN EARLY LEAD...ALPHABET SOUP... MISTER X...AND MONKEY'S MESS!
LISTEN UP, GLUEHEAD! I DON'T LIKE HORSES...
...AND IF WE DON'T WIN THIS RACE...
I KNOW A DOG FOOD FACTORY THAT FEELS THE SAME WAY!
AND HERE COMES TRIXIE'S BEAU!


THE WINNAH... TRIXIE'S BEAU!

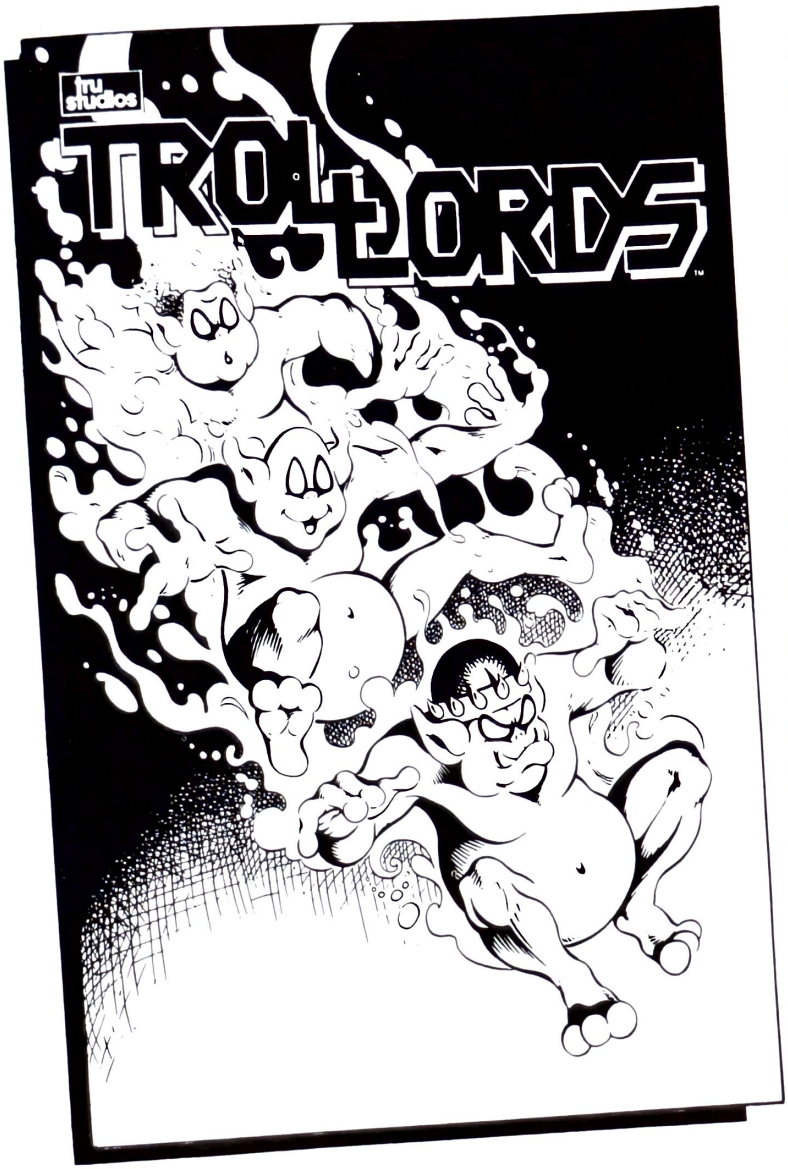

LEMME OFF THIS THING!
GO GET 'EM, UNCLE RED! THIS IS YOUR MOMENT!
BUT... BUT...




HEY, RED, WHAT HAPPENED?
...er, THE OLD KIDNEYS JUST AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TA BE.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... THE KING OF THOROUGHBRED RACING... RED MASUR!
"UNCLE RED, YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE KING TO ME...
"...EVEN IF A PRINCE HAD TO STAND IN FOR YOU THIS ONE TIME!"
NICE RACE, ACE!
HORSES! HARRUMPH!
SMACK!
END

HANG WITH THE TROLLS!



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